

## Lake Forest College Lake Forest College Publications

---

Stentor

---

2-1-1888

# The L.F.U. Stentor, February, 1888

Follow this and additional works at: <http://publications.lakeforest.edu/stentor>

---

### Recommended Citation

"The L.F.U. Stentor, February, 1888" (1888). *Stentor*. Vol. 1, No. 6.  
<http://publications.lakeforest.edu/stentor/519>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by Lake Forest College Publications. It has been accepted for inclusion in Stentor by an authorized administrator of Lake Forest College Publications. For more information, please contact [levinson@lakeforest.edu](mailto:levinson@lakeforest.edu).

# THE L. F. U. STENTOR.

---

Vol. I.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 6.

---

## MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING.

---

The end desired should always govern the means used. Particularly is this the case in the teaching of Modern Languages. The stage of development of the student must also be taken into consideration. Even if the end desired be the same, the method of instruction to be used with an academic or high school scholar must be widely different from that used with a college man. I shall discuss the methods to be employed with the latter.

In all education there should be two aims: the one, knowledge, and the other, skill and power to use that knowledge. Not that the studies of a curriculum can be divided into two classes; but that in each study there are two ends in view. In one subject the knowledge aim is superior; in another, the skill and power aim takes the precedence.

A college man studies the Modern Languages for what purpose? That depends upon his course. If he be a classical student his main purpose is not to acquire skill and

power to use knowledge. The disciplinary training which he wishes to get from language study is derived from his Latin and Greek. The aim is knowledge. The end desired is ability to converse in these languages, ability to read in them, or both. Whichever it be, the method pursued should be the same. Not the method which some Modern Language teachers *say* is used in the teaching of Ancient Languages, meaning that method which was used at one time but is not used by any progressive teacher today. That long drill upon forms and rules is no longer in vogue in classical training; nor should it be in Modern Language teaching. The so-called Natural method is not the one. A man who has had a good preparatory training does not want bits thrown to him to be swallowed without a reason being given for them. His mind is developed so that he can comprehend wholes. When a subject is given to him on a scientific basis he can grasp it. He gains a complete view. So-

called simpleness and the lack of principles disgusts him.

The method to be pursued may possibly be called a combination of these two, though vastly different from either. To the average student who is ready for the Freshman class in other branches, I can give in twenty lessons all of Latin Grammar, which he needs to enable him to read Cæsar with fluency. Now take the Freshman who has spent his three or four years on Latin, his two or three years on Greek. He understands language. He must of necessity learn Etymology. Why may he not with his present ability in grasping a language, master that in equal or less time than my man, who has never studied a foreign language, masters Latin? Then read. Let syntax alone as far as is possible. The student will almost unconsciously grasp the syntactic peculiarities.

With this method I should combine conversation. The first thing on the first day, I should give to the classes such sentences as they could not help understanding. This particularly is possible with German. I should spend from five to ten minutes of each recitation in conversation, using mainly the words which are in the lesson. This will train the ear. I do not expect this course to make fluent

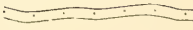
conversationalists in six months or a year. One who hopes to acquire that ability ought to go to some other place than a college.

So far the discussion has been with reference to the classical student. Men apply for admittance to college who have not had the Greek, have had the Latin and expect to take a course with Latin in it. I should treat them as nearly as possible, in the same way as the classical men. My remarks will not hold true of them to as great a degree as it will of the classical student.

A third class consists of students who have had Latin as an entrance condition but who take a course which has neither of the Ancient Languages in it. Such may be that called "Modern Classical" or Scientific. In either of these courses as much disciplinary training as is possible to be acquired from Modern Languages should be attempted. Far be it from me, however, to say as much can be acquired.

I do not wish to be understood as saying certain methods are not valuable in certain places and under certain conditions. I neither affirm nor deny their value. I do say, the place and conditions are not to be found in a college course.

S. F. VANCE, '85.



## ROBERT BURNS.

The history of the world is the record of the thoughts, actions, and influence of great men. The missions of these men have been different. Some have been sent to revolutionize the political world, some to purify the social world, some to influence the literary world, and one, only one, to elevate, ennoble, and redeem the universal world—the world of mankind.

In the literary world the great and noble characters are many. An almost unbroken chain links the remotest past with the nearest present. We can perhaps with safety say the first is Moses, but who can name the last?

To claim for anyone that he shines even as an humble star in that galaxy where Moses, David and Isaiah, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Lucretius, Chaucer and Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson shine as brilliant suns, is to claim a great deal. Yet we claim that Burns has a place in that dazzling group, and that amidst the surrounding effulgence his rays are clear and bright.

Let us first notice Burns as a *man*. The story of his life is short and sad. He was born on January 25th, 1759, in the town of Ayr in the lowlands of Scotland. His father was a farmer, the house of his birth a clay-built cottage. His early youth was passed in trial, poverty, and the

severest self-denial. His home was a home of religion, not of formal piety, but of a religion that regards God as Father and man as brother.

For his education he was indebted to his father, to a private instructor, and above all to the open book of nature.

Until his twenty-second year Robert Burns was a pure, virtuous soul. Then a change came over his life. The free livers and free thinkers whom he met now for the first time could not but have a bad influence upon one whose passions were strong but whose will was weak.

Some youthful poems he published about this time having attracted the notice of some prominent men, he was induced to go to Edinburgh, there to try his fortune and get his first taste of high life. His fortune was good,—his taste of high life was at once sweet and bitter. The learned and the wealthy looked upon him as a prodigy, were amused by his genius and wit, but despised him as unlearned and boorish. Such society as this could not suit Burns. After two years he left Edinburgh never to return except for a day's visit. Then Burns went to farming. But farming and poetry are not good business companions. His finances ran low. He was compelled to accept a government office. He became an excise-man and continued in that

position until his end. He died July 21, 1796—thirty seven years old.

The character of Burns could belong only to a man of poetic nature and sensibility. An intense love for nature, not in the abstract, but in the concrete, an ardent longing for jolly society, a keen sense of wit and humor, a reverence, almost a worship, for man as an independent creature and as one universal brotherhood, and a weak will—all this was Burns.

Weak he was indeed. His will was not master of his body. Boon companions, the bottle, and his passions conquered this man of noble nature and lofty genius. But he was also strong. He feared not the wrath or prejudice of man. He declined the hospitality of the noble because it would deprive him of the society and companionship of the humble. He always defended the downtrodden and oppressed against the proud and overbearing. He saw and honored, even almost adored, the divine element in man.

The revelation that he was a poet came to Burns in early youth. It was while his young soul was all aflame with ardent love for a beautiful country lass that inspiration came; his feelings burst forth in verse; he found that he was a poet. He commenced not with deliberate attempts but because forced to do so. The poetry was in him and forced itself out.

Burns is the natural poet. He learned not his poetry from schools. He sat at the feet of no great master to catch his impressions. He studied not the science of poetry. His verse is spontaneous, free, artless and yet full of art. While he composed he was inspired. A frenzy would seize him. His whole frame would vibrate to and fro, almost break, under the inspiration of genius. It is this very artlessness and lack of studied effect that makes his poetry full of wit and power. If Pope could say "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," much more Burns might have said "I lived, I thought, I felt, I acted in numbers, for I had no other way." The truth is Burns could not help being a poet. He had no need to invoke the Muse of poetry, for Polyhymnia was the guiding genius of his life and was ever present with him.

But he is not only the natural poet, he is the poet of nature and of man.

Burns had a poet's reverence for and sympathy with nature. It was not a reverence such as Wordsworth had which amounted to almost worship. It is the same feeling which town-bred people have to whom open nature is a new revelation, another world, a source of surprised delight. It was the sympathy of one who was ardently in love with the sensuous, the externally beautiful; of one who looked upon Nature as the hand-maid

of the Creator, having her own feelings of joy and sorrow, yet without created for the service and enjoyment of man.

His poems to nature alone are few, yet such as they are, they come from a heart that was deeply impressed with the beauties of the external world, and was keenly sensitive to the divine element in even the humblest blade of grass, or the weakest insect. It is, however, in his poems on numerous other subjects that we detect most of all the love Burns had for the world of sense and the deep impressions it made upon him. It is in them that we discover how the mountain and the valley, the ocean and the brooklet, the giant oak and the weak and lonely daisy, the eagle and the sparrow, the ox and the insect, the thunder and the calm sunshine, the years and the moments,—how all these were alive and full of meaning to the sensitive poetic nature of Burns.

But the genius of Scotland's poet did not reach its highest flight when engaged in putting life and vigor into nature. As we have said before, Burns is the poet of man. Humanity was the keyboard on which his genius played its most enchanting strains, and human thought, human feeling, human action were the themes from which he drew his deepest inspiration. Let us not be misunderstood. It was man in life, man as a sentient, active, and suffering creature that attracted Burns.

Man as an abstract, rational soul, as a spirit formless and spaceless, was not the man of our poet. He did not delve to the depths of our nature as Tennyson does, and examine the hidden springs of action; he did not give us a system of metaphysics, psychology, or even of theoretical ethics. But he is the spokesman of the man of action; the man struggling with the hardships of positive life. He is more than this—he is the poet of mankind as a brotherhood. To Burns the humblest cottager and the noblest prince were alike—they were both men, and weak and erring men at best.

And it is when Burns sings of man that you can most clearly recognise the great poet. Then it is that his verse is most spontaneous. Then it is that the lines, the very words, almost burn themselves into your heart. His poetry strikes a responsive chord in almost every fibre of our sentient nature and often appeals to our noblest instincts of love and piety. This poetry about man is poetry we can feel. We can read Pope's "Essay on Man" without the least emotion. But who can read the "Cotter's Saturday Night" or "Tam O'Shanter" or "To Mary in Heaven" or "Bruce's Address" or "A man's a man for a' that" or scores of other pieces without being moved to the very heart?

Not that we would seek to excuse the faults in this element of Burns' poetry. His animal nature and passions were strong. Too often



they influenced his verse. There is a sensual element in his poetry that we would gladly see out of it. But after all it is but the cloud over the face of the sun. It is but the refuse metal that hides the true. The gold is there—let us take it and forget the other.

Shall we say such a genius had no mission? Assuredly he had. He came at a time when English poetry was at a low ebb. The influence of Pope was paramount. Everything was artificial. Poets and poetry were plenty, but the poets were obscure and the poetry was soulless. The world was waiting for a master-genius who would put new life and vigor, soul and feeling into English verse. It found this master in Burns, and his influence lives to-day.

But this was not all. His times were times of revolution. Revolution was the watchword of the age. Politics, Society, Religion, Nationalities, Literature,—all were in a

trembling, critical state. Old forms, old notions, old customs were everywhere giving way, and new ones were preparing to take their place.

Into this revolutionary movement Burns threw himself with all the ardor of his fiery nature. He assisted by word and act. He wrote in favor of the American Revolution and worked in favor of the French. All imaginable subjects, from the Devil to a field mouse, were handled by him in verse and in them all he found something to favor a change.

Let us, then, who enjoy some of the pleasures which were denied to Burns, never forget that he helped the cause which gave us these pleasures. Let us cherish the memory of this poor Scottish peasant. Let us overlook, not forgive; his faults, while we praise his virtues. Let us imitate him in our struggles against oppression of every kind and especially in our love for our brother-man.

EDWD. E. NOURSE, '88.

### SONG.

It happened away in the summer night; the piper piped three times three.  
He laughed and piped and piped and laughed by the great rocks over the sea.

A cloud came out of the silent night; a cloud that was filled with glee;  
The glee of the cloud was a maiden fair, who danced on the flowing sea.

"Oh maiden, oh maiden!" he piped and cried, "Come up to the rocks and me!"  
The maiden laughed and bowed three times; "Nay piper, come down to the sea!"

"For the rocks are rough and the sea is soft, and the winds are calling to thee!"  
Her arms were white and the piper laughed, and went him down to the sea.

And all night long he piped and laughed,  
And the maiden danced on the sea.

## AN ADVERTISEMENT.

I am an inveterate reader of the newspapers. Perhaps this may seem strange for one of my sex, but the manner in which I read them will appear even more odd. This is the order: first the murders, then the advertisements, and, last of all, the news. I do not mean to say that I read *all* the advertisements, but only those headed "personal."

Often have I built up around one of these notices quite a little romance; beginning with a flirtation and ending with an elopement.

More frequently I have been amused at the foolishness of the people who would publish secrets in this way. Sometimes there are none of these items in the paper, and even when there are they do not always interest those who read them, knowing nothing except what they can make out from the words inserted. They remind one of a conversation heard at one end of a telephone: interesting but not satisfying.

However they are not always of this kind, and, one morning in September, 1880, as I glanced down the column devoted to these notices, my attention was arrested by one which differed from the rest.—"WANTED, a young lady correspondent, in or near Chicago. Address, J. P. Oswald, Denver, Colorado." So ran the notice.

Probably many of the readers of the paper saw it and smiled at the sight. What spirit possessed me I do not know, but I determined to answer it. Instantly my thoughts began to occupy themselves, trying to find out something about the one who had inserted the piece. Young? Certainly or he would not have advertised thus. A man? Yes, else why the "young lady correspondent"? But who was he and where did he live? These were questions which I could not answer. "But never mind," I thought, "if he answers my letter I will find out all about him."

Taking a pin from my cuff, I proceeded to cut out the notice as well as I was able. But what was my surprise, as I turned it over, to read on the other side, "H. O. Oswald, Detroit, Mich., at the Pacific."

An odd chance, was it not, that the personals should happen to be in the same place as the hotel arrivals but on the reverse side of the sheet: but it was stranger still that this name should have happened to be on both sides of the same slip of paper. "It must be the same person" I thought, "the name is so odd." As he passed through Chicago on his way out west, he had put this piece in the paper, doubtless thinking that he was going too far away to be found out, and that he



would have a little amusement while he was gone. Was not this the most probable explanation?

But a secret is not of much value if you have to keep it strictly to yourself, so, on my return home, I confided in a friend whom I could trust and together we sat down to answer the advertisement. A crazy thing to do? But who is not carried away at times by the desire to do what is unusual: the risk of discovery added to the pleasure, even as stolen fruit is supposed to be the sweetest.

At the start we did not intend to do anything more than merely to write and get his reply: then we expected to stop.

The thought of a continued correspondence did not occur to us, or if it did we rejected the thought through fear of the consequences.

It is impossible for me to give you our letters, for we did not keep a copy of those we wrote and his replies were accidentally burned about two years ago. If I still possessed them I am not sure that I should allow them to be seen for there was much in them that would not be of general interest. The drift of the letters, I can give as they are stamped on my memory: the words you can supply, if you have ever seen any schoolgirl's letters: his differed not at all from what you would expect from one who would insert such a notice in a daily paper.

The first letter was very general. I told him that I was then at a private school in Chicago where they were very strict. Not being accustomed to such control, it was very natural that I should be inclined to do something "real wicked" to make up for being "real good" in school. Of course it was impossible that he should write to me here, as the letters had all to undergo the inspection of the lady principal, and her eyes were far too sharp to allow any letter from him to pass unopened. To avoid this difficulty, he was to direct his replies to Amy Z. Parry, Chicago, and I would call for them at the post-office when I was down town shopping. I did not wish to present myself too many times for the letter, so I told him I would expect an answer in three weeks, by the first of October.

We did not have very much trouble with the letter only when we came to give him directions so that we might get his answer easily. We did not dare give our real address, for fear that he, or some one else, might find out whom we really were, and this was by all means to be avoided. We felt no little satisfaction as we sealed and stamped our production, but we were sorry that we must wait three weeks for his reply; we set that length of time that there might be no mistake and that we might be sure of getting his letter when we first went for it.

The weeks that followed seemed

long enough to us, as we waited for the time to pass until we might expect to hear from the west.

Would it come on time? Would he answer us at all? What would his letter be like? We had plenty of material to talk about while we waited. Have you ever heard two schoolgirls chatter? If so, you may possibly imagine how our tongues ran on as we discussed this — to us — all-important topic, and day by day our anxiety to hear increased.

October first fell on Saturday that year, and it was about the most disagreeable day I ever saw. It had been raining for nearly a week, and the clouds showed no signs of breaking. A raw north-easter was blowing off the lake, making it even more unpleasant; but what did that matter to us? Nothing short of a cyclone or an earthquake could have kept us at home that day.

Wrapping up well, we started down town, steering our way through mud and water to the post-office. Trembling with excitement, for the weeks that had passed made us very eager to see his response, we presented ourselves before the office window, and asked if there was a letter for Amy Z. Parry. It seemed as if the names of all the people in the city must begin with a P, such a bundle did the clerk have to look over.

Perrys there were, and Parrys, but none that we dared claim.

More dismally fell the rain, the

streets seemed even more sloppy, as two disappointed people turned towards home.

Though without much hope of success, we yet decided to go down again on Monday. The day dawned bright and pleasant, and we again felt more hopeful as we turned towards town.

Success awaited us. The letter had come! With happy hearts we hurried home as fast as we could go. Locked in our room, we read how Mr. Oswald had "passed over numbers of other letters in order to answer ours, which he had selected from all the replies to his advertisement." This was encouraging; we thought we had made an impression; we were sure of it when we reached the part where he urged me to "write again and *soon*."

After a good deal of discussion we decided to keep up the correspondence, at least for the present, and before the week was gone our letter was ready. It required more care than the first, but, as we now knew something about "our young man," we were not working entirely in the dark, and our second letter was better than the first.

It is not necessary that I should give you an account of each letter. We passed through the various stages, not omitting to exchange pictures. He sent his; we returned that of a friend. He was not very handsome, nor was he very homely. A long, rather thin face, high forehead, dark hair and eyes; mouth

small, and chin retreating; so he appeared in his picture. There was one thing about him, however, that would mark him anywhere; his ears stuck out almost straight from his head: had they been larger, they would have served nicely for wings. In spite of this one mark, his face was rather attractive: it was that of an intelligent young man. His eyes declared that he was fond of mischief though he did not have a bad face: so much we learned from his photograph; from his letters, that he was fairly well educated.

Our correspondence was kept up quite regularly and many a pleasant hour did we spend over his letters and in constructing our answers.

This went on for about eight months when, in May I think it was, we received a letter saying that he was "about to come east on business and would stop in Chicago and see me—that is, Amy Parry—on his way."

Had a bomb exploded at our feet we could not have been more astonished. Such a possibility as this we had never considered: What should we do? When we began to write we had no intention of continuing, but now, as it had gone so far, we could not think of allowing him to go through the city without seeing him. We might appoint some place to meet where we could watch him without being seen, but that was too bad,—he had not deserved it. Some

days passed before we decided what to do. We were rather afraid to meet him but at last we resolved to make an appointment with him and *keep it*. So much we decided; but the final arrangements had yet to be made. He did not know exactly when he should be in the city, but promised to let us know as soon as he found out. During the first week in June, if I remember rightly, his letter came. He would be here on July second, and hoped to see me (Amy) without fail.

"Amy" and a friend, so we promised, should be in the north entrance of the post-office upon the morning of July third at eleven o'clock.

We were to wear blue street suits and black hats; to carry small yellow satchels and silk umbrellas with silver handles. We were to dress exactly alike.

We were pretty sure to recognize him from his picture, since his features were somewhat peculiar, as I have said; but that there might be no mistake, he promised to wear a gray checked coat—he enclosed a sample—and dark trowsers. He would wear a straw hat, carry a large hand-bag, and be looking at his watch as he came up the steps, arriving there as nearly as possible at eleven o'clock.

Before the end of June we were ready and eagerly looking forward to the day.

The place we had appointed was not perfect, but it was the best we

could think of at the time, and looking back at it now I think we chose most wisely.

The spot had at least two advantages: it was convenient and it was public.

The third of July was as pleasant as the first of October had been disagreeable, and Mr. Oswald—so we learned from consulting the hotel registers in the morning papers—had arrived in the city the day before. We dressed as I had promised we would and some little time before the appointed hour we were at the place. This time there was to be no disappointment—for us.

Exactly at eleven o'clock a young man, dressed as he had promised that he would be, came up the steps

of the post-office, and there walked out to meet him Amy Parry and a friend—two young men, wearing blue suits and black derby hats, and carrying bags and umbrellas, as had been promised.

There must be some ingenious young men in Colorado, for the expressions we heard were new to us and we hope never to have the like addressed to us again.

No more letters have come from Colorado for Amy Z. Parry. She sleeps peacefully in her grave, gone but not forgotten, and we do not think that Mr. Oswald has again advertised for another "young lady correspondent."

S. A. BENEDICT, '88.

### A MORMON EXHORTATION.

"Seven women shall take ahold o' one man! There!" (with a slap on the back of the nearest subject for conversion) "What d'ye think o' that? Shall! *Shall* take ahold on him! That don't mean they *sha'n't*, does it? No! God's word means what it says, and therefore means no otherwise—not in no way, shape, nor manner. Not in no *way*, for he saith, 'I am the *way* and the truth and the life'; not in no *shape*, for a man beholdeth his nat'ral *shape* in a glass; nor in no *manner*, for he straightway forgetteth what *manner* o' man he was. Seven women *shall* catch ahold on him. And if they *shall*, then they *will*! You who try

to explain away the Scriptur' would make it fig'rative. But don't come to me with any o' your spiritooalizers! Not *one* good word shall fall. Therefore *seven* shall not fall. And if seven shall catch hold on him,—and, as I just proved, seven *will* catch ahold on him,—then seven *ought*, and in the Latter-Day Glory, seven, yea, as our Lord said untew Peter, 'Verily I say untew you, not seven, but seventy times seven,' these seventy times seven shall catch ahold and cleave. Blessed day! For the end shall be as the beginning, and seventy-fold more abundantly. Come over into my garden."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## THE L. F. U. STENTOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE STUDENTS OF

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

## EDITORIAL STAFF:

*Editor-in-Chief*, . . . J. J. BOGGS, '88  
*Business Manager*, . . . A. G. WELCH, '89  
*Local*, . . . KEYES BECKER, '89  
*Alumni and Personal*, C. H. FRENCH, '88  
*Exchange*, . . . B. M. LINNELL, '89  
*Advertising*, . . . G. A. WILSON, '89

## ACADEMY.

J. J. WHITESIDE, . . . '90

## RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE.

J. B. HERRICK, . . . '88

L. M. BERGEN, . . . '89

**Terms: \$1.00 per Year. Single Copies 15c.**

All communications should be addressed to

L. F. U. STENTOR,

Box 177, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

Entered at the Post-office of Lake Forest, Ill., as second-class mail matter.

## EDITORIAL.

A splendid opportunity to subscribe for the STENTOR; only fifty cents for the rest of the school year, including the July number!

—++—  
 ++

News comes to us that several of our subscribers did not receive the January number of the STENTOR. If they will kindly drop us a card and thus let us know who they are,

we will be greatly obliged. Possibly we have been negligent, perhaps the numbers were lost, in either case we will only be too glad to make amends.

—++—  
 ++

With this issue the STENTOR goes forth as an exclusively Lake Forest production. The entire work of publication, including composition, press-work, and binding, will henceforth be done here by students of the University. Mr. Fish's enterprise and progressive spirit are to be applauded, and we think that this first number will be a sufficient voucher that the paper will lose nothing in appearance from his management.

—++—  
 ++

Does the lecture system pay? After sufficient experience in it and due comparison of its advantages and disadvantages with those of text-book study, we would answer, No, if we view the question only from a local aspect and consider the needs of this College. And we feel that we voice the sentiments not only of the College as at present constituted but also of its former students. It may be said that the cause of our combating the lecture system is the merely local spirit against it, but allied to that is also the local spirit of industry and earnest application to study, and this should be allowed to operate by the easiest and best method.



In applying the question thus locally there comes first to our notice the *difficulty* of the system. It cannot be denied that our students have to work *hard*; therefore, as so much is required of them, let it be made as easy as possible. An hour's work in taking down a lecture rapidly delivered consumes the forces more than two hours spent in study or in the recitation room. After the lecture is taken down it is harder to comprehend when contained in many pages of written matter than when printed. The College is not a Kindergarten, but the same principle applies to both—that the subject to be studied should be put in the most attractive shape; the more interesting the method employed, the lighter the work will seem.

Another element to be regarded is that of *time*. The time used in the mechanical work of taking down the lectures is lost. It could be better spent. Hearing the lecture does not aid perceptibly in preparing it for the next lesson, for the effort to put it on paper prevents digestion of it. When rapidly delivered it requires as much study as if never heard; the full share of time must be spent in its preparation, to say nothing of the transcription necessary that it may be in a permanently useful form.

When we examine the *results* of the lecture system we see it at its greatest disadvantage. As we see

them here its results are not satisfactory. That which is learned in this way does not stay in the student's grasp as well as by the other method, either for the next recitation or for after years. We have observed that the best-learned lessons were prepared by text-book study; and this is so, not because the student has simply memorized the words of the book, but because he has gained a fuller and more comprehensive view of the subject. Again, the lecture system not only interferes with right methods of thought, but is even demoralizing in that it induces wrong and harmful methods and habits itself.

What we need is more time for recitation, class discussions of the subjects, and their explanation by the instructor. We appreciate fully the efforts of the instructor in preparing the lectures, but if that time were devoted to preparation for the systematic outlining or clear, logical presentation of the subject before the class, the student at least would be benefited. The use of the text-book need not interfere with the individuality of the instructor or the impression of his own views on the class. On the other hand, the student not having the time for collateral reading could profit by having the opinions of at least two men on each point. Thus a liberal spirit would be encouraged, and the habit of thinking for one's self would be formed.

## CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

*To The Stentor:*

Ours is a Christian college. It is for this reason many of us are here. Only a very few of our number are not professing Christians. An unusually large proportion are either studying for the ministry or preparing themselves for Christian work of like character. Lake Forest itself is noted for its religious sentiment. Under such circumstances it is only natural that a high religious tone and a good deal of religious enthusiasm should pervade the college.

We are thankful for all this. What we do not approve is the existence of a certain exclusive foreign missionary spirit that has manifested itself in and through some of the students. Its center is the Foreign Missionary Association. Although we question the wisdom of permitting such associations in an undergraduate department, if they are allowed we do not question any person's right to join them and to become an earnest member. But those of us who do not belong to it, have chosen our professions in life, and do honestly feel that our lines of work are just as honorable, are just as necessary, are just as approved of God, as the foreign missionary work, we, as Christians, beg that a little more consideration be paid to us as *thinking* and *feeling* Christians. We

have "thought on these things." The foreign field is vast, the work is noble, but when we are told it is the *only* ripe field, the *only* noble work, the *only* Christian labor that calls for a larger share of consecration, of self sacrifice, of personal risk, of hard toil,—that demands complete renunciation of the world and all worldly honors, we demur.

Is there, then, only one honorable, one noble, one God-approved work for all true Christian men to do? Christ was a foreign missionary. Yes, but was He not also a good Samaritan, a physician, a teacher, a lawyer? Was he not a home missionary? And was it not Christ who said 'a prophet hath no honor in his own country'? This looks as though there are a *few* other occupations that Christ followed, found necessary to do, considered antagonistic to worldly honor and praise! We have not the varied capabilities of Christ; we can't do *all* that he did; but in following any one of the lines of work that he did we consider we are obeying his command to "do as I do."

Now is it so certain after all that because I am convinced of the importance, the greatness, and the needs of foreign missionary work that my life will be unhappy, will be a failure, if I still determine to be a home missionary, a teacher, a lawyer? If I enter upon any one of these lines of work in the right spirit, with the right motive, with a firm resolve to do the most I can and

for God, for man, for myself, I am thoroughly convinced I enter upon such work with God's approval.

Man sums up deeds, God questions motives. I can only see what you do, I cannot know for a certainty why you do it; but I generally know why I myself do a thing. This should be borne in mind by those who so plainly and repeatedly tell us we are not foreign missionaries because we are afraid of its hardships, are worldly and selfish, and are waiting for a 'call'. This is unjust. A true Christian never thinks of such things. No one should coolly measure the good we do by sacrifices we make, much less Christians. We cannot correctly interpret sacrifices that are not our own. Nor can we make our sacrifices the standard of measurement in nature and extent for the sacrifices of others. What is a great sacrifice for me is none whatever for you. We need to be more charitable, more tolerant.

When we are sure one neighbor is a Christian it is not for us to dictate just the line of work he must follow in order to please and do the most for our Heavenly Father. Our natures, our abilities, our temperaments are different. Consequently our choice of work is different. While choosing for ourselves what we will do let us have due respect for the choice of others. That choice undoubtedly was made in the right spirit, with the right motive. If not, it rests not with us to condemn the chooser. Our one Christian duty is

to preach, to teach, to follow Christ and the Bible; not foreign missionary work exclusively, nor any other special line of work. BONY.

---

#### STUDENTS AND POLITICS.

---

Why ought college students to be interested in politics? Because they are men and politics are made by men. When the student leaves college he enters life, and part of that life is political life. He cannot escape that part of his existence and be a perfect man.

But this reason for being interested in politics will apply to every one. There is another which will apply especially to college students. Or, perhaps it is only the same reason in a different form. It is this. Politics is a science and college students know all(?) about science. There is given, in an old book, a definition of science which always commends itself. It is as follows. The building up of a science is the gathering up of all the facts in any sphere of knowledge, and the formulation of the laws which set forth the relations between those facts. Does this seem to be a long and dry definition? All definitions are somewhat dry, but apply this one to politics and see if there is not something of interest in it.

The sphere of knowledge in which the facts of politics lie is the one in which the practical every day life of men is lived. There is a great cry

at the present time for the practical, and a general impression that a higher education makes men impractical and visionary. No impression is more mistaken. What is the practical, but that which is practiced and what is the science of politics concerned with if not the facts of every day life? The reason why so many men do not consider that the subject of politics has a personal interest for them is that they do not realize that their own actions are a part of those which the science of politics attempts to account for. As a result there is coming to be a class of professional politicians in this country. Now the college man understands the relations between the life of the individual and the life of the Nation. He understands also the vital importance of having this relation apprehended as fully as possible by all. Here then is work for him. Let him understand the true scope of politics, and then let him teach others, less favored by circumstances than himself. And there is a certain inspiration in the work.

It was said that the second part of politics had to do with the relations existing between the facts discovered.

These are not case or adverbial relations, or relations between root and stem, which, however interesting they may be on account of their singularity or complexity are not human.

The relations set forth by the

laws of political science are living, changing things. Next in dignity to Theology, which deals with the relation between God and man, comes Politics which deals with the relations between man and man, and in this aspect it must appeal to every broadly educated man.

STUDENT.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### THE COLLEGE.

Quite shocking—An electric battery.

New gasoline tanks have been put in at the College, the Seminary, and the President's house.

The sems will wander by the shore,  
The frogs will warble in the moat,  
The robins they will nest once more—  
When Eddie peels his overcoat.

The meeting of the delegates of the Northwestern College Base Ball League is set for March 16 at the Plankinton House, Milwaukee.

What broke Dick's hat? He used it for a toboggan on the Ferry Hall front steps. What did he do that for? It was a generous impulse, but positively his last appearance.

A logical conclusion: Student (laboriously)—“If rain has fallen, the ground is wet; the -er-ground has f-fallen”—Prof.—“Therefore the rain is wet!” Class convulsed.

About ten couples were invited to the home of Miss Grace Reid on

Tuesday evening, February 21st. Games, refreshments, and general merry-making characterized the gathering.

Instead of having Washington's Birthday for a holiday, the students voted to have the day before, the 21st, since the commencement of Rush Medical College was on that day. Several of the Faculty and numerous students went to the city.

Secretary Bass, of the N. W. C. L., wrote to Manager Wells, of L. F. U. B. B. C., that the best kept records of league games played last season were handed in by Lake Forest. This speaks well for our first year.

T. S. Jackson, of '88, has been obliged to give up scholastic duties and seek a few months' rest at his "old Kentucky home." He intends to return next year and join the Class of '89. J. Sutton, of '91, succeeds to Mr. Jackson's business.

A certain Freshman with an Avernistic turn of mind put the following notice on his door: "Relinquitte spem pone, omnes vos qui hic initis." It was translated by a young lady, "Leave hope of a pony, all you who enter here."

On the eve of St. Valentine's day, Misses Nellie and Florence Durand entertained about fifteen couples of their young friends at a valentine party. Much amusement was derived from reading the original sentiments expressed in many of Cupid's

tokens. Dancing and refreshments were not forgotten, and the guests voted it a royal entertainment.

The Y. W. C. A. of Mitchell Hall sent Miss Gracia Sickels as a delegate to the state convention at Galesburg, February 3-5. She returned and reported as much enthusiasm as was manifested at Champaign last month. The convention was intensely interesting. They decided that a state secretary was necessary to their work, and they raised six hundred dollars on the spot to pay her first year's salary. They will surpass the boys in their efforts.

The Base Ball Club gave an entertainment at Ferry Hall on Tuesday evening, February 28. Mr. W. C. Larned gave some of his characteristic readings. The Athenæan Quartet appeared several times and sang so well that they were frequently recalled. Miss Rhea sang twice to an admiring company. E. F. Dodge's fine baritone solo was encored. Dr. Seeley made some very pleasant remarks at the close of the entertainment, and the nine has \$45 clear, which makes them feel grateful to all who assisted in making the event a success.

A mass meeting of the students was held in February to consider the feasibility of Lake Forest making application for admission to the State Oratorical Association. The matter was left to two committees to look up.



Miss L.— thinks that the soles of her shoes are made of wood !

The official record of our ball club for last season will appear in these columns soon.

Did you ever hear the principal parts of the verb "smile"? They are : Laugheo, gigglere, collapsi, bustum.

We are pleased to record visits from R. C. Robe, A. M. Corwin, L. M. Bergen, A. C. Wenban, W. E. Bates, G. D. Heuver, Theodore Jes-sup, and G. M. Trowbridge during February.

The entertainment for the benefit of G. A. Wilson's Sunday school at Lake Bluff on Thursday evening, March 1, was a success. The entertainers were royally entertained after the performance.

Messrs. Bergen & Dickinson will soon put their new tragedy, "Laertes," on the boards. The Batchelor Square Theatre Company, for which the play was expressly written, will present it.

"Prof." A. C. Wenban, of Chicago, frequently treads our campus, as of yore. The other evening he went to call at Mitchell Hall. With firm foot-prints he traversed the mellow light of the storm-house and hung affectingly on the door-bell. He jerked the clammy knob. No response. Again. The wind whispered through the evergreens in the yard. His noble brow beaded and his "stand-up" fainted, but

no sound came to his burning ear-laps. Possible cases of libel and eviction wandered before his Websterian brain, and he was about to rend his raiment, when his hand struck the door-bell and the awful truth flashed across his tired senses that he had been trying to ring the door-knob.

The Jean Ingelow Literary Society, of the Seminary, held an open meeting on the evening of February 24. Opening exercises were followed with an instrumental solo by Miss Camp. Miss Rood then read a well prepared essay upon "The Holy Grail." Miss Greenlee, as an Irish philosopher, gave a recitation which was well received. This was followed by Miss Axtell's vocal solo, which gained a deserved encore from the audience. The debate, "Which is the more destructive, water or fire?" was rendered very interesting by the debaters, Miss Ashley and Miss Conger, who advanced many arguments for their respective sides. Miss Ashley won the decision of the judges. A piano duet by Misses Flack and Corwin followed Miss Pinhey's recitation and closed the first part of the program. After the recess, Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" was given in a series of tableaux, and elicited the applause of all who witnessed. The parts were all well taken and the appointments were artistic. The society is to be congratulated on the success of its meeting.

## FERRY HALL.

Ah there, Nature!! Two buckets of hot water.

One of our estimable young specials had her ear frozen while out walking one Saturday. It was thought amputation would be necessary, but through the skillful treatment of Dr. Brown we were able to save the ear.

A convention of the Y. W. C. A. was held at Galesburg, Feb. 3d to 5th. inclusive. Miss Alice Conger was sent as a delegate from Ferry Hall, and reports a very pleasant and profitable meeting. Over 116 delegates were present. Pledges were given by the different societies, and Illinois is to have a state secretary the ensuing year.

An ardent admirer of Cicero reading of Aulus Gabinius would gladly have given him the name Abraham.

Among the Ferry Hall visitors we were glad to welcome back Miss Winifred Hecht, who was with us last year.

Miss Grace Taylor writes from San Diego, California, where she is enjoying fruit and summer weather. From there she goes to Pasadena, where she expects to meet one of Ferry Hall's old pupils, Miss Alice Polley. The trip to California was a pleasant one. Only one stop was made, that being at Denison, Tex., where Mr. Taylor and family

were invited to attend a large banquet.

We would advise the young ladies while walking in the attic to tread softly and look out sharply for the cross-beams.

Miss Nellie Hecht, who has been suffering with rheumatism the past week, has been obliged to go home for a rest. We hope she may be with us in the near future.

One of the latest attractions is a handsome English setter, named Don. He is a great pet among the girls.

COWARDLY ACT!!!! Non-appearance of the youths on St. Valentine's night. Don is a faithful dog.

WANTED.—A new chestnut.

"PEANUT."

Miss Alice Williams, a former student here, was married Thursday evening, February 8th, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Getty, of Chicago, to Mr. Hallowell, junior partner of the firm of Hallowell & Co., of Waukegan. They are to reside in Waukegan.

Miss Lucia Hayes, of Milwaukee, not long ago gave a lunch in honor of Miss Julia Van Kirk.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!! A few minutes before six, on the evening of February 7th, fire was discovered in the room of one of our illustrious Seniors, by a gallant College youth. When the fire broke out the young ladies were preparing for supper, and at the sound of the

gong calmly walked down stairs, where they were met by the startling news that the Sem was on fire. Great excitement prevailed, and it required all the efforts of the firemen to prevent the young ladies from leaping from the windows. After calling in the aid of some of the young ladies, the fire was finally extinguished. Loss—One water pitcher, one bowl, one glass, one shoe, one hat, and the total ruin of the decorations of the room. No insurance. The young ladies desire to express their thanks to this youth for his heroic deeds, and we are extremely sorry that one of our Seniors was so frightened as to throw water on him. We now have the latest improvements in the way of fire extinguishers, the Smith patent.

WANTED.—A new smile. M.

The Brown and Dean studio was opened on Friday, February 17th. Crowds poured in during the entire evening, to see the fine works of art. Among the visitors from afar were Miss Emery, of New York, Miss Hecht, of Clarence, Iowa, and Miss Reed, of Chicago. The pictures were pronounced the finest ever exhibited in the studio. Among the best were Ophelia, Marguerite before the Shrine, Blind Nydia, Leap Year, By Jingo, One of Our Aldermen, The Dirty Boy, Charlotte in Prison.

The young ladies would make fewer mistakes if they would look

twice before they burst forth with some such expression as "Hello, it's about time you went home again!"

The latest style of hat for young men—the S. crush hat.

"Mamma's darling" must not go out in February without his overcoat and mittens.

## THE ACADEMY.

Work in the Academy is being strictly attended to and everything is in a prospering condition. The boys find the hour of Bible Study each morning very profitable; much good is gleaned from it and all seem to take great interest in it.

Prof. — "Here is a sentence I wish all you boys would learn; 'Liars should have good memories.'"

Small Voice. — "You have an excellent memory Prof., honestly you have." Can that be beaten for Euphemism?

We mentioned the fact in the last issue of the STENTOR that H. H. Fish had started a printing office in the Academy. Since then Mr. Fish has purchased a 'complete outfit. Among the noticeable things is a fine press and its complement the paper cutter and many cases of new type. Everything in the office is neat and convenient. Beginning with this month Mr. Fish will issue the STENTOR regularly. He employs from two to four students and has

all he can do. He is constantly receiving orders for job work of which he gets out some fine specimens.

It has always seemed strange to us how much of that ready article, blame, falls on the unlucky 'Cad. A few evenings ago quite a noise was made while the Academy and College students were returning from an entertainment. The next morning in chapel the 'Cads were blamed for the noise of the previous evening. Strange as it may seem the 'Cads had ample assistance from another department of the University, yet they received full credit. The 'Cads were also blamed because that old land-mark, namely the cistern pump which has been in operation since 1776, failed to "R. S. V. P." when the handle was gently worked the other morning. The verdict of Judge Frye, who presided at the inquest, was, "Them 'ere 'Cadmy boys has spiled that 'ere pump by pumpin' with er short jerk er the handle." Strange as it may seem, others than the 'Cads have pumped "with er short jerk er the handle" We are willing to take our share of blame, but we do not wish to take the blame of every thing and everybody. Kind friends, there is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue. Don't push us upon the point.

The other morning in chapel the boys were treated to a pleasant surprise. The Dr. was giving a little talk on the Bible lesson and he

made the following statement: "Whenever I think of the apostle Peter, I always think of him as the one who carried the keys to the Gates of Heaven, and as one in whom great trust was placed; and thoughts of him in that light always put me in mind of the door-keeper who carried the keys at Auburn prison, where I lived so many years!" Matters were afterward explained. The boys all have a warm friend in the Doctor and we know they would not doubt his word an instant.

Brooms and *fire* combined make a highly combustible material but they should not be used for Academic kindling wood.

Delicious!!!—Wausau's Mineral Water!!!

Prof. Dawkins in his work, "History of Man," makes an assertion to the effect that, "Man contended for and gained complete mastery over all." Excuse us Mr. Dawkins but you are *mis*taken — er — gentle sex, "don't you know."

Here is an example which is probably related to those our grand-fathers used to do in the days when the good old "Rule of Three" flourished:

"If a hen and a half lay an egg and three fourths in a day and one sixth, how many days will it take twenty hens to lay one gross of eggs?"

Can you solve it?

## RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Work on the main structure of the Presbyterian hospital will be begun as soon as the condition of the ground will permit. The building, when completed, will present a grand and imposing appearance. The main front, on Wood St., will be a continuation of the present building to Congress St., along which the Congress front will extend. The entire hospital will accommodate from three hundred to three hundred and fifty patients, and will be thoroughly equipped with all the modern improvements and conveniences. We venture to state that no hospital in the city will surpass or equal it in perfection of system, architectural design, or pleasant location.

The students as a body owe Dr. Ross a debt of thanks for the energetic way in which he is filling his office as chairman of the building committee.

Commencement has passed with the usual increase of M. D.'s. The "plucked" ones this year were fewer than in most of the preceding years, and on the whole Rush has graduated a class that she may feel proud of as alumni. At the closing exercises, Dr. Roberts, President of the University, gave a pleasing address to the boys, and succeeded in finding a warm place in the hearts of the students of the Medical Department. In express-

ing through the STENTOR our highest regard and esteem for him, we are certain that we but faintly echo the sentiments of the Rush men.

## PERSONAL.

A short sketch of the work of Rev. Paul Bergen will doubtless be interesting to those who knew him. Six months after his arrival at his mission field in China, he had acquired the spoken language sufficiently well to begin preaching. This is a very unusual thing. He has also made remarkable and rapid progress in the written language, reading the classics with ease and fluency and being able to write every character in them. His brother missionaries tell us that they are proud of Mr. Bergen's attainments, and regard him as one of the strongest men in the church in China. Two years ago he and a native Chinaman were appointed by the authorities at Shanghai as a commission to distribute thirty thousand dollars among the famine sufferers. About a year ago he was elected pastor of the native church at Chennanfoo. He makes frequent itiner-ary trips of two or three weeks' duration, traveling on wheelbarrows, sleeping in native houses, and eating, for the most part, native food. While upon one such trip, taken in March, 1887, he writes of climbing with a friend, Tai Shan, the most famous mountain in China, and of



various troubles they had with the head man of the sedan chair association. Finally they were off, at the rate of four miles an hour, for the "South Heaven Gate," at the summit of the mountain. Passing up the winding, stone-paved road, meeting limping pilgrims, being shaded by immense cypress trees of unknown age, rounding abrupt curves and avoiding awful chasms, they reached the top just at dusk, climbing the last stage of the ascent by two thousand steps cut in the sheer dizzy side of the mountain.

"We stood a long time in the twilight, looking over the hills, up the long valleys, and out over the broad plain stretching hundreds of *li* to the south, and thought we had never seen, or at least seldom seen, a more majestic prospect. Then we hurried to see a crystal spring which bubbles right out of the top of the old mountain's head, and wondered in vain what forced the water from the ground at that height. I asked a native, and he completely silenced me by saying that it was just as easy as for the blood to come out of the top of a man's head when cut! \*

\* \* \* \* We awoke in the morning to find it raining and sleeting. Thus our fine plans for spending the day were spoiled, and we had to descend hastily lest the stairs should become so slippery as to make descent impossible. So down we went, much faster than we came up; and to go down those steep stairs on the shoulders of men, so

rapidly, sometimes made my hair rise."

Mr. Bergen has received numbers into the church. He dresses in native costume, which is not generally done by missionaries. The reason he gives for this is, that being so far inland the natives are not accustomed to foreign attire, and they are so curious about his clothes that he cannot get them to listen to what he is saying. This difficulty is avoided when he wears the native dress. His health has been good from the start and he is in love with his work.

'83. CORRECTION.—Rev. J. W. Millar's church at Onarga, Ill., has one hundred and seventy-five members. Thirteen were received into membership on February 26.

'84. Rev. A. E. Jack was noticed in October as studying in Berlin. He dined recently by invitation with Dr. Edward Zeller, the philosopher. Prof. Zeller does not often give such invitations.

## GENERAL COLLEGE NOTES.

My name is Solomon Levi;

A college student I.

The Greek and Latin books I read,

And dote on apple pie;

But Mathematics is the best,—

I like it best of all;

It seems to fit my system

"Like der baper on der vall."

—College Echo.

Salt Lake City is to have another Mormon college.—*Ex.*

The number of volunteers for the foreign mission field is now 2,320. —*The Intercollegian*.

It is remarkable how skilful Norton, '90, is on the horizontal bar. His movements are really wonderful and worthy of a scientific gymnast.—*The Dartmouth*.

At a recent glee club contest in Yale the Freshmen let loose a flock of pigeons in the hall, with " '91 " fastened to their feet. The astonished Sophs tried to get them out, but did not succeed.

The new base ball cage at Princeton has been finished and is in daily use. Princeton sports a lacrosse team, a glee club, a banjo club, a mandolin club, and an instrumental club.—*Ex*.

Several '90 men have already obtained positions in the hotels, for the coming season.—*Dartmouth*. This is the way the boys down east go through college. It seems to us an improvement on selling books.

Dr. Hodge, formerly President of Lenox, is now living at Rockford, Ill. His daughter Bessie is teaching in Rockford Seminary, we believe.—*Lenox Nutshell*. The above is a mistake. Dr. Hodge and family are living in Lake Forest, and have been since they left Hopkinton.

The Ohio State Oratorical Contest was held in Columbus on February 16, 1888. There were nine colleges represented in this contest, among them Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, Marietta, Wooster, and Dennison. The

last named was the winning college. It was represented by Chas. Bosler. Oberlin came second on the list, and Wooster third.

Talking with one who knows whereof he speaks, the other day, about Dr. Patton's recent election to the presidency of Princeton, the question was asked what the students at Princeton thought of the election. He replied that the seminary students were unanimously in favor of the election. The college students were divided between Prof. Sloan and Dr. Patton before the election, but after the election they wrote a song, speaking of how "Sloan got left," and

"The trustees pleased 'Jimmy' just as well,  
For they unanimously elected Francis L."

Dr. Patton is popular with the students, from all accounts, although he may seem somewhat reserved on account of his scholarly habits. He is a keen, sharp, thinking man, and one of the foremost men in the country. "The idea of his not being liberal-minded is a mistake," our authority says, "for he is the most liberal man in the Presbyterian Church. And as to his executive ability we cannot judge yet, but we know this, that he has never yet failed in anything he has undertaken."

On February 4, Racine College lost by fire the building containing the laboratory, gymnasium and art studio. The building and apparatus was valued at \$17,000. Total insurance \$6,000.—*Ex*.